The Vigilante

A MONTHLY PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

MAY "We Come In Search of Truth" VOL. 3, No. 5

SUMMER SESSION REGISTRATION

DATES	TIMES	
Wednesday, May 27	9-12 a. m.	Special cases and teachers of experience of classes to August 1924.
Wednesday, May 27	1-4 p.m.	Special cases of August 1924 and February 1925 A classes.
Thursday, May 28	9 a. m.-12	Class of January 1923 Class of August 1923, A.M.
Thursday, May 28	1-4 p. m.	Class of August 1923, N Z. February 1924.
Friday, May 29 Class of August 1924.	9 a. m. 12	August 1924, A.J. Kindergarten.
Friday, May 29 Class of August 1924.	1-4 p. m.	August 1924, K Z.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU REGISTER

1. Registration will be held in the new gymnasium at the hours indicated. Report only at your particular hours.
2. Make your program out on paper to fit your binder.
3. Have your program approved and signed by your faculty advisor.
4. Copy your program in ink on a program card, using course numbers and titles of courses.
5. Have your program card signed by your faculty advisor.
6. Make out one (1) enrollment card for each subject.
7. Pay a fee of ten dollars and have your program card stamped "paid" by the collector.
8. File your program card and enrollment cards with student clerk. No program will be filed unless it is stamped "paid."
9. A receipt for the fee must be shown at the exit.

Students desiring to enroll in tennis classes must do so before leaving the gymnasium.

SUMMER SCHOOL

Girls, what has been your idea of Summer School? Do you think, "Here is where we do nothing but grind?" If so, you are sadly mistaken. Of course, we find plenty of work to do. But there is also a place for play.

Many are the jolly times planned. Everyone can enjoy herself immensely if she cares to. We're given a good chance, too, to show the outsiders what wonderful hostesses we can be.

Here are the committees and their chairmen, who are willing to prove that we are going to have a fine time:

Hostess Committee, Dorothy Thompson.

Registration Committee, Loretta Sweeny.

Attendance Committee, Rosamond Blair.

College Comfort Committee, Marian Pechart.

Excursion and Information Committee, Dorothy Groves.

Publicity Committee, Beth Short.

Assembly Committee, Eva Korning.

If we have a great deal of enthusiasm about Summer School, we can make this the jolliest, biggest, and best one S. T. C. has ever had.

Yolanda—"How much for those?"
Saleslady—"2 for 25 cents."
Yolanda—"How much for one?"
Saleslady—"15 cents."
Yolanda—"Give me the other one."
(See Mr. Boulware, Yolanda!)

SUMMER SCHOOL FEE

The State Board of Control and the Department of Education have fixed a fee of ten dollars for the Summer Session of 1925. According to a ruling of the State Department this fee applies to resident students as well as to outside teachers.

REGISTRATION FOR CLUBS

From now on, the registration for clubs will take place at the same time as the registration for classes. This will overcome the confusion caused by some one signing up for two clubs for the same hour. So think about the club you want to join, and when the time comes to register, sign up for that one only.

PERSONALS

Mary Underwood has had a nervous breakdown. She will not be back until the fall.

Madeline Guirich has been out of school for some time on account of a death in the family.

Have you noticed something shining in the dark halls lately? It's Thelma Van Horn's beautiful solitaire. Congratulations, Thelma.

Dolores Spence is also contemplating marriage.

Miss Dowd is married.

Alice Walsh has just returned to school after a long absence because of her father's death.

Dorothy Crawford is very ill with the "flu." She will not return until August.

NOTICE

Remember, girls, the Seniors must report to the Greek Theatre in Berkeley at nine o'clock Wednesday and Friday, May 27 and 29. It has not yet been decided whether everyone will go over there Thursday or not, but Juniors and Seniors are all expected to practice then. The announcements for Guild week will be given later.

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR SPORTS

Mr. Valentine gives free expression to his fighting instinct. His favorite outdoor sport is battling with the insects on his rose bushes.

Miss Vance is constantly trying to induce others to play her game. She has a slogan to accompany it, which is, "A full hour a day for lunch."

Judging from appearances, Miss Holman's favorite sport must be collecting rare coins, particularly quarters.

Mr. Mundt indulges in both indoor and outdoor sports. Collecting pictures of ships is the former and the latter needs no explanation.

TRAINING SCHOOL NEWS

The annual hike for the training school will be held this year on Thursday, May 28. This is strictly a grammar grade affair. Miss Hale announces that their destination will be Rattlesnake Camp II. She has planned an interesting and full afternoon after the long hike and lunch of roasted wienies.

All girls who can go on this hike see Miss Hale, so that she may instruct you as to what to do.

If you are going, wear, and urge your friends to wear, appropriate clothing. Remember, this is a long hike.

We are to meet at the Ferry Building at 7:30 on Thursday morning.

AT LAST THE BOXES

By the time this number of the "VIGILANTE" has come from the press we hope you will have found your new mail boxes.

Mr. Ray has been working for quite a while to give us new boxes, and thus remedy the postal disorder. Now they are nearly finished, and will be placed near the new bulletin boards. Who gets the first letter?

SCHOOL SONG

Yes, we are going to have a real school song. Mrs. McCauley, whom we all know, is going to compose the music, while Mrs. Jones is going to write the words. A group of girls have been striving to determine the type of song wanted. It has been decided that a song involving the ideals of the school should be the hymn for S. F. S. T. C.

Any girl who is interested in being a Senior Adviser see Miss Ward. She needs about thirty girls in August. It's a great work, girls.

THE OFFICERS FOR NEXT SESSION

What a jolly assembly we had the sixth of May! We almost wish we had elections more often to enliven our Student Body meetings.

Campaign speeches were in order. Candidates and their managers did their very best to persuade those present to vote for the one they considered most capable.

The results of the meeting were shown Wednesday, May 13, when the following officers were elected:

President, Gladys Maxwell; Vice-President, Claranna Huber; Secretary, Alice Hazelwood; Treasurer, Helen Edgar; Associate Editor, Vida Setencich; Assistant Business Manager, Agnes Boyle.

These officers will be installed in September. We expect to have a very good section under their able leadership.

GLEE CLUB

The first part of last week some clever invitations appeared in the mail box, as a result of which the members of the W. A. A. appeared in the old gym Thursday evening at six o'clock. There they were royally entertained by the Glee Club.

After a little dancing and stunts in the gym (everyone was in gym clothes), we all adjourned to the science lecture room for food. Yolanda Yetter, chairman of the Refreshment Committee, and Alberta Rennie, president of the Glee Club, with the help of their committee, surely fed us well.

Anyone seeing the dancing and games which we had afterward in the gym, could never picture us as dignified school teachers. We had the best time ever, and the W. A. A. thanked their hostesses very much for it.

JOURNALISM CLUB

A number of the girls who are interested in journalistic work have been asked why they did not join the club, or at least report for the paper. The answer has been that they have had no previous experience. This is not necessary. One needs experience only to be an editor, and that can be acquired in the Journalism Club. If you are interested, girls, sign up next section. We'll be glad to have you with us.

"How long yo' in jail fo', Mose?"
"Two weeks."
"What am de charge?"
"No cha'ge. Everything am free."
"Ah mean, what has yo' did?"
"Done shot my wife."
"Yo' all done killed yo' wife, and only in jail fo' two weeks?"
"Dat's all. Den ah gits hung."

SAN JOSE PLAY DAY

It's almost here! Are you going to be there to see how the games turn out? The program promises to be fine. The Student Body is chartering a bus, so that the girls may go down without a great expense.

The morning will be taken up with the swimming meet and the first part of the tennis matches, which begin at ten o'clock.

After lunch, which the players at least will consume with relish, the tennis finals and the baseball game will be played.

Of course good players are essential and we have them. But if you only knew how much a good rooting section means to a team that's fighting for the school, you'd surely be there May 23.

THE LAUNCH RIDE

Girls, didn't we have a great time on the launch ride? (As for those who couldn't go, we'll tell them about it.) We, two hundred ninety-six of us, left Pier 14 at five o'clock, with the following members of the faculty: Miss Ward, Miss Carter, Mr. Anderson, Doctor and Mrs. Rypins. We danced, when we weren't sliding, to the rhythm of accordion music. We arrived in Paradise Cove at six-thirty and you probably know just what every one started doing. Yes, we ate. Hot coffee was served.

Enough of us had finished eating to start dancing. Some, however, including Mr. Anderson, played baseball. Then Vida, with her husky voice, called us in to listen to campaign speeches. Of course every one looked around for a chair but no one sat down because the speeches were short and snappy. (That's the way we like them.) Then the yells—I think the people in San Francisco must have heard us—we surely yelled better than ever before.

After the yells, we danced some more until Carol said it was time to go home. On the boat we danced, sang old songs, school songs, and popular songs, and gave yells for the Senior Dance, Junior Dance, and 'most every one aboard the ship.

We landed at the Key Route Mole at 9:30 and reached the city just in time for the girls to make the ten-fifteen. Every one said she'd had a glorious time and we hope to have more rides soon. Aren't you sorry that you didn't go?

EXCHANGES

The Wildcat—Chico Teachers' College.

The Eagle—Santa Barbara Teachers' College.

The Antelope—Kearney, Nebraska.

The Fog Horn—Arcata, Humboldt County.

THE SENIOR DANCE

The most important affair that happens to the Seniors, except graduation, occurred Saturday evening May 9, in the new gym. Altho the weather wasn't what we had hoped for, the evening was enjoyable anyway.

Anyone who saw the bids and programs, which were given out the week before, would realize that everything was also well planned.

Of course, the fact that this is the only dance we have in a semester to which men are invited, made it much more interesting.

The Seniors appreciate the work Marion Brune and her committee put on this affair and are glad everything turned out all right.

AN ODE TO MUSIC

Servant and master am I; servant of those dead, and master of those living. Through me spirits immortal speak the message that makes the world weep, and laugh, and wonder, and worship. I tell the story of love, the story of hate, and the story that saves. I am the incense upon which prayers float to heaven; I am the smoke which falls over the field of battle where men lie dying with me on their lips.

I am close to the marriage altar, and when the graves open I stand near by. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, I open the lips of lovers, and through me the dead whispers to the living.

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the fields, the crash of waters on rock-ribbed shores, the sighing of wind in the trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on city streets.

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers. I am the father of the best that is in them, and they are fathers of the best that is in me. I am of then, and they are of me. For I am the instrument of God.

I AM MUSIC.

A Scotchman who had been in this country for two months went to a movie with a friend. In the reels was a close-up of a moose. Turning to his friend the Scot said:

"Dinna ken what yon bestie is?"

His friend explained that it was an American moose.

"A moose?" queried the Scotchman, surprised. "Aweel, I dinna want to meet an American rat then."

—Boy's Life.

She (in art gallery): So that's one of those cubist paintings. What a dreadful place Cuba must be!—Boston Transcript.

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EDITORIAL

"Even tho a man lives in the densest forest in the world, if he makes a mousetrap better than anyone else, the crowds will beat a path to his door."

We can't all be Mozarts or Lindns. They are specially gifted and sent to satisfy a need of the people. Very few of us are destined to do the big things that will stand out for all time. But we can all do the little things well and they are what really ount.

Great men get the credit they deserve, for everyone talks about their work. Can you, however, imagine this world filled only with people doing great things, and no one to do the rest? Everyone would be writing books, composing music, and otherwise becoming famous. No one would be cooking, dusting, repairing, or smiling; he would have no time.

When the Angel Gabriel blows his trumpet, and Saint Peter reads over the records, a book full of little things done cheerfully will look just as important as a page of big things. So if we can't get the page extraordinary, we can get a book full.

NEW VERSIONS

Here are two old nursery rhymes written in the style of a cross-word puzzle:

I

Hey diddle diddle, the feline quadruped and the musical instrument,
The bovine quadruped jumped over the heavenly body,
The small canine quadruped laughed to see such diversion
And the concave or hollow vessel ran away with the utensil having shallow oval bowl.

II

Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific,
Fain would I fathom your nature specific,
Loftily poised in the ether capacious,
Strangely resembling a jewel carbonaceous.

SCHOOL RINGS

Have you seen the new school rings? They are very attractive. Those with the onyx are ten dollars and fifty cents. Those with the enamel are eight dollars. We'll all be saving our pennies to get some.

TINKER BELL'S MESSAGE

Long ago,
When hearts beat young
And fresh and true,
Men in their joy,
Out of the dew
In the depths of the rose,
Out of the spray
By the blue sea tossed,
Out of the pale
Gold light of the moon,
Created fairies;
Who laughing flew
The world around,
Haunting every
Flowery dell,
Dancing 'neath
The beckoning stars,
And scattering dreams
Of soft delight
O'er the eager,
Trembling earth.
But soon men's hearts,
Grown strangely cold,
In scorn denied
Their bright creations;
And all the fairies
Would have fled,
And nevermore
Been known to earth,
Had not the children
Staunchly true
To them remained.
Since then 'tis only
Children's eyes
That are alight
With golden visions,
Fairy-woven;
Children's ears
That are atune
To silvery singing,
Fairy-wafted;
Children's hearts
That still beat young
And fresh and true
For the fairies
Sweetly fashioned
In men's joy
Long ago.
And 'tis children
Who guard deep
Within their hearts
The fairies' secret,—
Whose knowledge gives
The precious power
To go about
Upon this earth
With shining spirit
On tiptoe.

(Signed) Tinker Bell.

"The Interpreter's House." By Struthers Burt. Burt tries to show that there is a serious stratum underlying all the so-called frivolities of modern times. A man who has dwindled away half of his life, suddenly takes hold and assumes authority when the crisis comes. On the other hand he also shows that we sometimes take as serious what is only a false front.

MOTHER WARD RHYMES

In the Library

Little Miss Horner
Sat in a corner,
Doing her Poly Sci.
Her mind didn't stray;
So she got a big A
And cried, "What a bright girl am I!"

Terrace Duty

Little Miss Blue,
Come ring the bell;
The girls can't write,
The boys can't spell.
That's no way to start the day,
Letting the children overtime play!

Monday Morning

Little Miss Peep
Has lost her sleep
And cannot tell how to find it.
Leave it alone,
But when you go home
Be sure you hereafter mind it.

Eskimo Pie vs. Poly Sci

Little Miss Maff
Sat in the "caf,"
Eating an Eskimo Pie;
She heard a sharp sound,
Jumped up with a bound,
And rushed off to Poly Sci.

Report Cards

Sing a song of scholarship,
Report cards full of marks!
Three and four and five A's
Got by the "sharks."
But when the cards are opened—
O, weak and shaking knees!
What matter if the "sharks" get A's,
When we get F's and D's!

THE MAN WHO WINS

The man who wins is an average man,
Not built on any peculiar plan;
Not blessed with any peculiar luck,
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess,"
He knows the answer, "No," or "Yes,"
When set a task that the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he's put it thru.

So he works and waits, till one fine day
There's a better job with bigger pay,
And the men who shirked whenever they could
Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes.
The man who wins is the man who tries.

(Author unknown.)
—Exchange.

JOSHES

"Mother," cried little Mary, as she rushed into the farmhouse where they were visiting, "Johnny wants the listerine. He just caught the cutest little black and white animal and he thinks it's got halitosis."

Vida: "I saw a sign in a hardware store today which read, 'Cast Iron Sinks,' as though everyone doesn't know that."

She'd Better!

Innocent Junior: "Do you know where the English I class is being held?"

Senior who knows: "Yes, you go right down this hall."

Innocent Junior: "And where do you stop at?"

Senior who knows: "Just before the at!"

We've all heard about the absent-minded professor who poured the syrup down his back and scratched his pancake, but the one that worries us is the one who poured catsup on his shoelace and tied his spaghetti.

Some people are so "dumb" they think a tutor carries a horn.

A Fable

One day when a student was hunting in a forest, a terrible storm came up. She looked about for shelter, but there was none. Soon, as it began to rain in torrents, she crawled into a hollow log, in which she fitted snugly.

The rain lasted for hours and the water soaked through the wood so that the log began to contract. When the storm was over the student could not get out.

She strained to free herself with all her might, but the log held tight. Exhausted, she gave up. She knew that she would starve to death.

Like a drowning girl, she saw her whole life flash before her, especially her mistakes. Suddenly she remembered that she had not subscribed for the Vigilante.

That made her feel so small that she was able to crawl out of the log without difficulty.

John Smith (to Senator): "How did you become such a wonderful orator?"

Ted Jones: "I began addressing envelopes."

Miss Smith (to class): "You must finish the water coloring before you pass to the beyond."

M-Y-O-B

"Speaking of tennis—have you had any luck?"

"Yep! Won all the matches!"

"My, but you play for big stakes."

Now, we've had a Father's Night and a Mother's Day. Would it be too much to request a Student's Afternoon?

"What are you going to do in your two weeks' vacation?"

"Make $10, by picking berries, I think."

"Yes? Why?"

"I'm going to Summer School."

Our idea of a perfect Student Body outing is that delightful launch ride of May 7. Thanks are due to Carol Hanegress, who made the arrangements, and to the Weather Man, who kept his "fair" promise.

Question: What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?

Answer: "No difference; they are both bores."

She (dramatically): "Love means absolutely nothing to me."

He: "Good Heavens! Are you another one of these modern iconoclasts?"

She: "No, I'm a tennis player."

One California State Government to his companion on the shelf: "I wonder why we seem to be of so little use lately?"

His companion: "Why, don't you know? Miss Thompson is on her vacation."

Barber—"Will you have a hair cut?"

R. Blair—"No! Cut them all."

"Do you know what kind of leather makes the best shoes?"

"No, but banana skins make the best slippers."

I. Young—"Well, I must be off."

A. Clancy—"Yes, I noticed that the first time we met."

The expression "the long and the short of it" is never better understood than when a man longs for money when he is short of it.

Mr. Mundt—"Do you know what it is to talk before a vast audience?"

K. O'Neil—"No. I spoke before an audience once, but most of it left before I did."

An absent-minded professor was deep in his work when his wife called out to him: "Henry, baby has swallowed all the ink in the ink-bottle! Whatever shall we do?"

"Write with a pencil, I suppose," was the dreamy reply.

Miss Resler: "Before we begin the lessons today, are there any questions?"

Vernon: "Yes, what is the lesson, please?"

A great amount of bluffing,
Lots of air quite hot,
Make a recitation
Seem like what it's not.

What Kind of a College Would This College Be?
If All the Students Were Just Like Me?

Naiveté

An ingenuous young lady writes as follows:

"I am engaged to a very nice boy who thinks the world of me, and so do I."

The humorist says: "Life would be a pretty good joke if one didn't miss the point so often."

Old gentleman (benignly): "So, my little man, you are going to school already."

Small boy (scornfully): "Say, mister, do you think I'd go if I weren't ready?"

"Every time I take castor oil, mother puts five pennies in my money box."

"And when your money box is full?"

"She buys a new bottle of castor oil with the pennies."

Scene: Suburban residence, 2 a. m.

She: "George, dear, it's a burglar!"

He: "Sh-h-h, don't move! Maybe he can get that window up; it's the one we haven't been able to open since the painters left."

Is May in?
May who?
May O'Naise.
She's dressing.

You may have missed this one:

Her Favorite Bible Story

Mother had been reading a Bible story to Marjory every night before bedtime.

One night she asked, "Well, Marjory, what story shall I read tonight?"

"Oh, Mother," Marjory answered, "I want you to read me that one about the ten girls who went out to meet the bridegroom and ran out of gasoline!"—Everybody's.

D. Schaeffer: "What is your pursuit in life?"

I. Resler: "The 7:05 train in the morning and the 5:45 at night."